

A FAIRY TALE OF
COURAGE AND GRIEF
BY G. Z. A. BARKUS



INCIDENT AT CRED-
IBILITY GAP AND THE
INNOCENT CHILD

THE D. C. A. T. C. W.



To your children,
and to your children's children,
in that they may know of men who climb

mountains and of their courage,
and of their sorrows.



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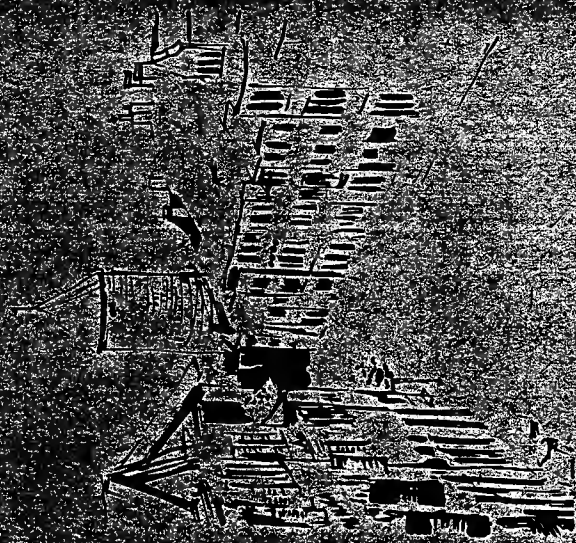


ONE UPON A TIME
there was a large and
formidable mountain
in an obscure
little nation called
World.

The mountain was so formidable, that a contest
developed among the surrounding villages,
as to which village was to relieve the honor
of conquering it.

Every four years, in one town, as in some of
the others, a general election was held to
select who would be the new head guide and
assistant guide to lead the village effort.

1.





might win the challenge of the mountain for one year, chosen to the surprise of everyone in the village, there was a guide, older and maturer, and much respected for his many regulations that he had helped put through the Guide Association, who now wanted to be the new Assistant Chief Guide in the forthcoming assault on the mountain. Some of the new young Chief Guide's family did not like him, and an argument arose. But the young Chief Guide said, "He is from the Southern part of the village, and we are from the North end, surely he can be of help." And so it was decreed, a young and courageous new Chief Guide with the assistance of one of the more respected older guides was to lead the village team to the top of the mountain.

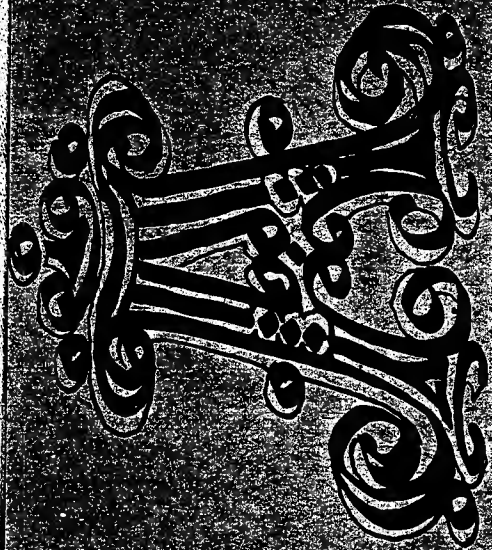
2.



HERE WAS JOY

in the Village of Americana. Villagers, old and young alike, and their children said, "How can we lose. We have combined the vitality and courage of youth, with that of experience and maturity. One of fresh ideas and high ideals, with another of practiced skills in the ways of the Guide Association, wherein all new regulations for the village effort must be agreed upon." "Ah," they said, "With new ideas and fresh vigor, we shall be the first to conquer the mountain."

3.



AND SO ONE DAY,
the new Chief
Guide and his Assistant, and a team of the best
climbers from the village of Americana started
on the arduous climb up the mountain.

Other villages had their own teams, each going
their own way, each seeking to gain that place
of honor reserved for those who would first
reach the top.

4.



P. AND UP THEY WENT.

All the people from the surrounding towns
would look up to marvel at the feats of their
climbers and the other climbers as well, for
in this small nation of world, this was the most
outstanding event of the year.

But the new Chief Guide of the Village of
Americana was so agile, and so daring in his
leadership that all the other townspeople, those
from Berlina and Moscowa, and Parisa, and
Londona and Roma were entranced. It was the
Chief Guide from Americana, from amongst all the
other chief guides that slowly won their
regard and affection.

5.



from Americana went higher than young Chief. Guide said to members of his team, "What we need is more training schools for guides. For now can we continue to win the battle of the mountain without a continuing supply of new and better guides."

Again he spoke. "We need to upgrade our new training schools, for now open up look to the other villages that some of our own people wear dark clothes and some wear clothes and still live apart."

Again, and again he spoke, with vigor and fresh ideas so that all the villagers might hear. But in the Association of Guides, down below men were slow to act. It seemed that the Assistant Chief Guide, who before was so persuasive with his old friends, could not now make them pass these new regulations.



AND STONES PASSED

through his exploits, both in word and some in deed, the Chief Guide was to win the deeper and deeper admiration of all who observed the climb.

Higher and higher they went. And as they went higher, the thinner air and in the headiness of the ascent, the Chief Guide said, "Why must we throw stones at each other? Surely there is enough danger on the mountain itself. Let us all decide to sign a non-avalanche pact. For some of the other village teams were in the habit of rolling stones down upon their opposing teams."

And so it was done. But some of the villagers in Americana continued to object to this Non-Avalanche Treaty. "We must protect ourse-vas," they complained bitterly. "We must not lose our ability to throw stones," said others. And still other villagers hinted of a dark conspiracy with other teams.

And

UP AND UP THEY WENT.

The higher they went, the more generous the young Chief Guide became. Looking he said to his team-mates, "Look how difficult we are having it, and look at the difficulties of the other teams. Perhaps we should look and cooperate with them in overcoming this most menacing of all mountains. Are we not on the mountain together? Are not all our villages within the shadow of the mountain", he questioned.

But there were some members of the team who looked through a glass darkly, for the sun was so bright, and the air so thin, and they were unaccustomed to such talk, and such light, and such air, however clean.

So

SOON THEY WERE TO ARRIVE

at a large gap in the mountain. The young Chief Guide sought advice from his team-mates, "Should I jump the gap, or not?" he inquired, "or should I lead the way around it?"

After much talk, and some of it forboding, the Chief Guide jumped forward.

He was not one to carry, or to lack courage.

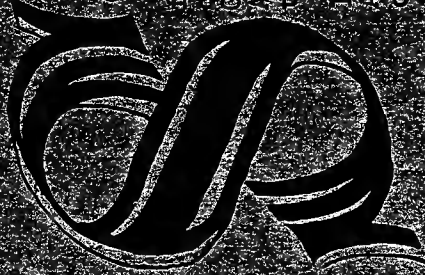
Up and over he went, and as he came to the far side of the gap, a stone, fiercely thrown, hit him in the head.

Backward he fell.

And lo, the rope gave way.

Down, and down he went.

Down to death.



TO MEET WAS THE GREAT

For this once handsome and bold, and courageous guide, that all the other chief guides from all the other villages came to Americans, we gave him who had fallen the honor of their esteem.

Indeed a gap had occurred with his death. A void, an emptiness for all men to contemplate, for he was so young and so full of promise.

Gifted as he was in speech, when he arose of climbing and the challenges that lay before them, equally was he blessed by a beautiful wife and graceful children. Villagers of all kinds, high born and low born grieved for him and those he left behind, for they had held him, and his close to their hearts.



IN THE VILLAGES

from all the surrounding villages were transfixed by what had occurred that morning. They heard the news in disbelief.

Even hardened newscasters, lived and reported what had taken place in a mood of sorrow and disbelief. Slowly, the pale taint of mourning enveloped this small nation called World.



EVER WHAT HAD OCCURRED

during those few brief moments of tragedy, remained unclear. The conduct of the New Chief Guide in that dismal journey down the mountain — the capture of that urchin who had thrown the rock — the outburst of the swearing in of the New Chief Guide — And later, the impulsive killing of the urchin by a distraught villager.

All of this was natural, for all who were there that day, saw those rapid events through emotions filled with the hues of love lost, of shock, of bewildered disbelief.

12.



WHEN THE FULL REPORT

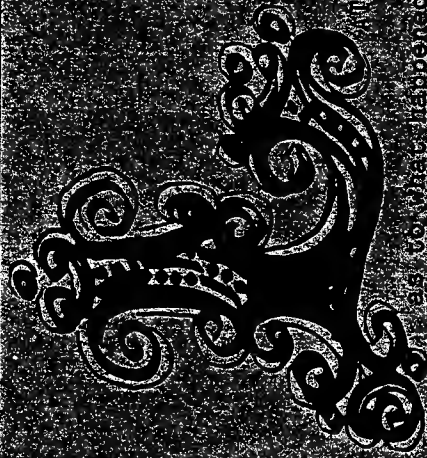
by a committee of the most important villagers as to what happened that day at the gap was revealed, deep and grave questions arose.

Some said, "Look at the rope. Why did it not hold?"

Others said, "How could the rope be so cleanly severed, while there are bits of strands still missing?" Even one of the most respected villagers who had sat on the committee said, "There are many things that will not be known for many years.

In the searching, and in the doubting, and in the desire to find stronger answers than those strange than fiction series of coincidents that lead to and from that schism in the mountain... a gap of credibility was to be nurtured.

13.



THEY WERE WONDERED

as to what happened so high on that sloping mountain, a clue was found.

It was a coin, stamped in commemoration of this once illustrious Guide, and on that coin was a telltale sign. A sign, again appearing from nowhere, it was the sign of a pick axe and piton crossed. The telltale sign of the opposing village. Soon, no more coins were to be stamped. And a silence fell among those who were in the Association of Guides who were responsible for the coining.

14.



AND SO IT CAME TO PASS

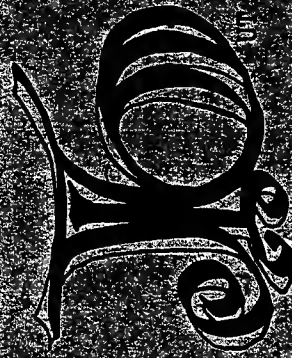
years later, when the grievous wound of what happened to Credibility Cap had healed, (for with the passage of time, the incredibility of what had occurred that fateful day became transmuted into a new name for that ominous crevice high up in the mountain). . . some children were playing on the beach at the Northern end of the village.

Playfully, they made sand pies.

Then one child said, "Let us not make sand pies. Let us make a sand mountain." Another said, "Let us make a sand mountain with a Credibility Cap." They all clapped for joy, as children are wont to do at being offered a new toy for their imaginations.

And so it was done.

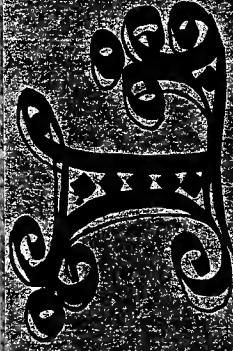
15.



...UN SOON, the bright
bright sun shined up the sand. "Look how the
mountain and our sand pies crumble," said one
child. "Look at these schisms that pie parts,"
said another, "it reminds me of Credibility
Gap." still another said.

And one child who was much respected, for his
was a wisdom beyond his years, said, "Ah, if men
were whole things like the Earth was whole, and as
that sand pie was once whole, we need only look
to the schisms in each to find their weakness."

And it was from this beach party of playful
children, that the substance of similar rumors
were to spread throughout the village of
Americana.



...FTER ADULTS WERE TO WHISPER

in silence at parties of their own, feeling and
exploring in their own minds the contours of that
gap of incredibility, as if to determine how that
deriving occurred.

One of the whisperers said, "Look how the New Chief
Gilda has named his entire family in his own image.

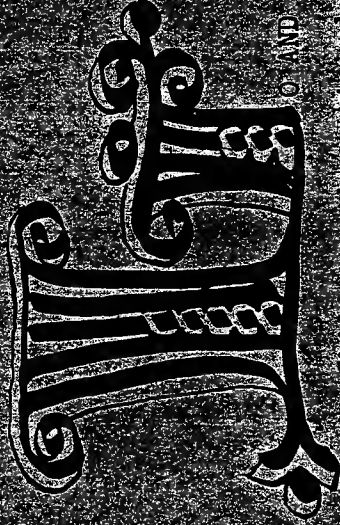
Another cooed, "How he loves that no other man go
before him, and then only to pick up soda bottles.

Still another said, "Surely our great and New Guide
who would have no other men before him, incredible
as it is to think, did not cut the rope that day a
Credibility Gap."... For every shape and contour of
men's minds are known to wise men, for they have
climbed of life and tasted of its experience.

And to the burgomaster's child wrote:

"Stop these ugly rumors! They not only do harm to you, our Chief Guide, but they threaten the regard and esteem with which our village is held by other villages. I have an idea," he wrote, "let us all listen to your forthcoming State of the Village Message. And then, in esteem and regard for you, our Chief Guide, let us all discuss what you have advised. And how we may use that advice to make our village a better place to live."

A copy of the letter was sent to the Burgomeister of the village with a note suggesting that this proposal should come from him. For indeed, this would be a most gracious and symbolic gesture of our village's, and our people's unanimity of purpose, for all men to see," wrote the child.

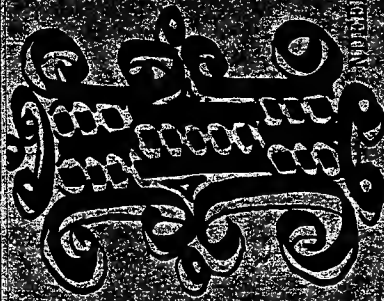


O AND BEHOLD

the Child was then put under close watch. The Child then heard over the village radio, that there was a scare at the Burgomeister's office.

That same day, the Burgomeister gathered up his family and left the village hastily for a sudden vacation to a foreign land, which was an island in warmer climes... Then two railroad special agents appeared as if from out of nowhere, seeking to investigate the child.

It was now apparent, that this was no ordinary child.



"WELL, SAID THE CHIEF,

"I am innocent of any wrong doing."

"Why am I so oppressed?"

Then a wise man said to him: "Look you now to Credibility Gap, for in that schism of earth, in that gapping gap, in that black void of how men behave and act, lies your answer."



"OR WITNE DID THE CHIEF IMAGINE,

may the brother of the fallen Chief Guide, whose mind lurked and dwelled on the dark shadows of a conspiracy, had, by now, festered a vengeance on all who were to encourage the New Chief Guide.

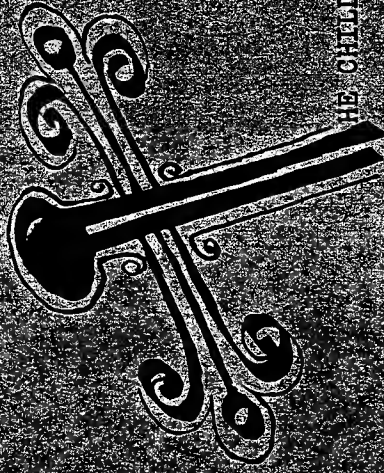
For he was obsessed with the feeling, that by a strange twist of fate, the honors which had befallen the New Chief Guide, were rightly, or wrongly, due him and those of his family who suffered so.



SOON THE CHILD REALIZED

that the Village CIA, the Combined Intelligence Authority, was being used to discredit him. For with the sanction of the distraught "little" brother, every element of the Child's young life was sought out. Molehills were sought, in that they might be turned into mountains. And these false mountains of incredibility were used against the Child.

Later, "little brother" smirked as he announced to a gathering of college students (for maturer people were want to listen: they knew only too well of those earlier times in the neighboring town of Berlina, that the CIA was good for them, and for the Village Student Fund. It was now obvious that little brother was seeking to become Big Brother, and he cared not for how he was to accomplish this.



THE CHILD,

now grown old from his experience with men of motives deep, said, "I shall now take leave of you, and go back to making sandpies in the Sun. Perhaps some day, when I am older, and wiser, and richer, I will come back to play with grown up toys."



1960 THE UNITED
DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATED FOUNDATIONS

I

On February 26, 1962, the author, Dr. Martin West, established a foundation in the town of Greenwich, Connecticut. The foundation, called United Development Associated Foundations, embarked on noble project proposals for the self-education of juvenile delinquents. The project was based primarily on the psychological and sociological factors relating to criteria evaluation. It is criteria for participation in our society were lowered, in a new community established for these purposes, perhaps greater through self-motivation could be achieved by the participants at the heart and core of the proposal was the historic fact (before big government, and big spending created welfare dependency) that the Mormons and our Western pioneers, who were the social and economic rejects of our Eastern communities,

discontinue to the growth of our society, and in the process, create our future, through self-education. The project proposals, drafted by Dr. Martin West, and Dr. Martin West, in Greenwich, Connecticut, established a foundation, called United Development Associated Foundations, in the town of Greenwich, Connecticut. Part of the agreement was to be the opportunity of many various foundations to come on a single project proposal, which they could contribute to and participate in. United Development Associated Foundations, rather than many unrelated endeavors, as they do today, which contribute to the proliferation syndrome of our society. More did the author realize that he was exposing or hallowed ground and that deep resentment and loss of idealistic endeavor was now resting in our land. Suffice to say, incident of credibility (as and the Innocent Child, reflects some very real incidents, and in a sense is a summation on the indifference and corruptions of our time. Should you desire to obtain the real letters of the "Innocent Child", you may write to United Development Associated Foundations, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830, and enclose \$1.



Franklin D. Roosevelt
Washington, D.C.
March 1941



from the
Author

MEMO:

Now that the Manchester
open is out, with all its prototype
and epilogue, please accept
this modest paper "bag" book.

Not only because the

unwearied should cannot afford more,

Not because a morality tale should
come muddled, and the clothes

begeth that it should be the garments
of your own imagination,

and the integrity of your conscience.

Walter P. Reuther

New address: Rt. 7, Frederick, Md. 21701

11/25/67

Dear Mr. Perkins,

Please excuse delay in thanking you for the charming little book.

"V seventh (Ninth is written, 6th a third done, seventh researched)
is entitled Tiger To Ride. I think your avalanche gap idea will interest you as
I handle a related problem in it

Best of all I like your dedication.

Very thanks,

The 6th, by the way, delayed from the third, is MANCHESTER MACHINAVILLI: THE
UNIMPROVED MORRISIAN MACHINAVILLI.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg